(Revised Screenplay)

November 16th, 2001

FADE IN

INT. UPPER ROOM – NIGHT

(Harry sat by the window in the upper room

of the house that was not his.

He was quiet of speech and troubled in heart.

No one understood his burden,

nor the name he bore,

nor the ache that stirred within him since his youth.

He lifted his eyes and said:)

HARRY

If there is One who sees…

If there is One who speaks…

please help.

I cannot take this anymore.

Please.

I beg you.

(And behold —

a wind came flowing suddenly through the window.

And with the wind,

a White Owl flew inside.

Harry was afraid.)

HARRY

What are you?

(The bird opened his mouth,

and His voice was not like the voice of a man,

but like a whisper on water.)

HEDWIG

You are not abandoned.

Nor are you forgotten.

You are to go to Hogwarts.

Letters will come,

my beloved child.

I will be with you.

(Then He turned and flew away

and was gone with the wind.

Yet Harry felt it still,

and the boy said nothing more that night —

he was speechless.

In the morning,

letters began to fall —

one,

then three,

then the house was filled with them like rain.

Those who ruled over him were sore and afraid.

The letters came from no hand of man,

nor any known office.

The heart of Harry was stirred.

He kept silent and waited.

That night,

a knock was heard outside the house.

Harry looked through the window

and beheld a strange carriage

— not pulled by horses,

but by fire and mist.

A man stood by it —

very tall,

wearing a coat like a curtain of seasons.

His eyes burned kind.

He knocked once,

then twice,

then the door opened

— not by hand,

but by will.)

HAGRID

The boy is called!

By right —

not yours.

Let him come.

(They refused,

they shouted,

but the door would not close.

Harry stood there,

his heart pounding like a drum of old.

He said not a word.

He stepped forward,

and the man smiled.)

HAGRID

You have seen him?

Have you not?

The white owl?

(Harry nodded.)

HAGRID

My name is hagrid

rubeus hagrid

— keeper of the way between.

(He opened the door of the carriage.

Harry stepped in, and the door shut.

The house vanished.

The road turned to clouds,

and Hogwarts drew near —

not by train,

not by foot,

but by wonder.

Harry wept quietly.

Then he knew —

his life of not belonging had ended,

and a greater calling was just beginning.)

———

EXT. KING’S CROSS TRAIN STATION – DAY

(The station buzzed with noise.

Metal groaned,

children cried,

steam hissed from old machines.

Harry stood alone,

in his hand a small ticket.)

HARRY

Platform Nine and Three-Quarters.

(He muttered:)

HARRY (cont’d)

That’s not even a real number.

(He walked alongside the platforms

— nine… ten… eleven…

Nowhere in between.

He stopped at a stone column.)

HARRY

Maybe this is the spot.

(He touched it —

stone.

Cold.

Real.

No doors.

No magic.)

HARRY (cont’d)

Is this… a test?

(Behind him,

a woman called out:)

MRS. WEASLEY (O.S.)

Come on kids, best not be late!

(Harry turned —

a warm, red-headed family

bustled past.

The mother led the way,

arms full of coats and lunch tins.

Two older twins dragged a trolley, laughing.

A tall boy grumbled about carrying his rat.

A little girl bounced beside them, eager.

A freckled boy, awkward and quiet,

walked a few steps behind.

Harry watched —

not because they were magical,

but because they looked like something he never had:

a real family.

The mother glanced at the column and smiled.)

MRS. WEASLEY

Alright Fred — go on.

Show them how it’s done.

(Fred ran full speed and vanished into the wall.

Harry's eyes widened.

The other twin followed.

The tall boy went next.)

MRS. WEASLEY

Ron — your turn.

(Ron hesitated.)

HARRY

Excuse me — sorry,

but… how did they do that?

MRS. WEASLEY

Oh — first time at Hogwarts?

HARRY

Yeah. My name's Harry… Harry Potter.

(Ron’s eyes went wide.)

Ginny gasped.

GINNY

So you’re him… Potter.

(Harry looked down, embarrassed.)

HARRY

I guess.

MRS. WEASLEY

Well then, dear — nice to meet you.

I’m Mrs. Weasley.

This is Ron,

and this is Ginny.

(Ginny waved shyly.

Ron nodded.)

RON

Hi.

(Harry nodded back.)

MRS. WEASLEY

All you do is walk straight at the wall.

Bit of a run helps.

Don’t stop — don’t think.

Just go.

HARRY

Just like that?

MRS. WEASLEY

Exactly like that.

(Harry took a breath,

grabbed his trolley, ran —

THUMP.

The cart lurched.

The suitcase tipped.

Harry slid to the floor.

Ginny gasped.

Ron winced.)

HARRY

This doesn’t even make any sense…

why did I listen to that talking owl?

What kind of calling is this?

RON

Let me try.

(Ron ran

— THUMP.

Same fate.

Both boys sat on the ground,

rubbing knees.

Ginny giggled.

Mrs. Weasley shook her head.)

MRS. WEASLEY

Oh, goodness, boys…

(Harry stood, frustrated.

He looked at the wall,

closed his eyes.)

HARRY (quietly)

if You’re still with me…

please let this be the way.

(He wheeled the cart gently, then faster —

WHOOSH.

Steam swirled.

A train horn echoed.

Golden light spilled across the floor.

The Hogwarts Express.

Moments later

— WHOOSH.

Ron appeared behind him.

They looked at each other and laughed in awe.)

———

INT. HOGWARTS – NIGHT

(The moon hangs like a watchful eye.

The dorm is quiet.

Everyone is asleep.

Harry sits by the window.

HEDWIG perches silently nearby — watching.

Harry gazes outside.)

HARRY

I am not sure why I am here.

I am not sure who I am.

But if You made me…

then You must know something I do not.

They call me the chosen one here…

but I don’t feel chosen.

I feel like a mistake with a cursed scar and funny legs.

I know You hear me out there.

All I want to say is…

please do not let me get lost in this place.

Please don’t let them change me.

Because all I ever wanted…

was a new family who truly loves me.

———

EXT. TRAIN STATION – DAY

(The battle was over.

Voldemort had fled again.

The Stone was gone.

The school celebrated.

Smoke rose from the train.

Children laughed.

Bags were loaded.

Summer was near.

But Harry felt something deeper stirring.

Hagrid entered softly.

In his large hand — something small,

wrapped in cloth.

His face was heavier than before.)

HAGRID

You were brave, lad… but this isn’t the end.

Not even close.

HARRY

I know.

(Hagrid unwrapped the bundle.

Inside — a scroll,

aged,

cracked,

sealed with wax

bearing a lion and a lamb.)

Hagrid (whispering)

This… is called the Exile’s Code.

I found it in the library of Dumbledore.

HARRY

Why?

Hagrid

Oh, I just figured you would love it.

I read it — it seems a lot like your story.

And besides…

the Stone was only your beginning.

But this…

(He placed the scroll over Harry’s chest.)

Hagrid (cont'd)

This will begin to show you the end.

(Harry breathed deeply,

eyes flickering with awe and confusion.)

Harry

But I won't understand it

Hagrid

Neither did Danion.

FADE OUT.